

PEOPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS

IF Colonel Nasser has liberally thinned his Canal Zone activities to suit General Sir Gerald Templer, he could hardly have chosen a better moment, for on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nearly all the senior officers concerned with plans for military action in the Middle East will meet at Camberley for the C.I.G.S.'s annual staff



SIR GERALD TEMPLER

exercise. Every country in the Commonwealth—including India and Pakistan—will be represented by its Chief of Staff.

One of the two themes of this meeting is some military problems of the cold war—the other is the army's role in an all-out hydrogen-bomb conflict—and when the agenda was set early this year Sir Gerald had planned to concentrate on the army's answer to a Malayan type guerrilla warfare. Now it is not difficult to imagine which military problem of the cold war will hold the centre of the stage.

The Flying Statesman

IN the 1,294 days that have passed since Mr. John Foster Dulles was sworn in as the American Secretary of State his international flights have carried him 316,928 miles—an average of just under 245 miles a day. Even this monumental figure does not include trips within America, or the many flying visits he has made to his holiday camp on the Canadian border, or his last visit to London.

Mr. Dulles is proud of his mobility, which has taken him to thirty-eight countries in the last forty-three months, and a special State Department statistician keeps his record up to date. He has noted with approval the finding of one diligent research worker that he has already travelled twice as far as all his forty-nine predecessors put together.

There are other diplomatic authorities who take a less

enthusiastic view of all this coming and going. Dr. Harry Wriston, a State Department consultant, has remarked that for Mr. Dulles the aeroplane has become more than a convenience—it is a temptation, and Mr. Adlai Stevenson is certainly preparing a few polished shafts for use during the election campaign. But of one thing there can be no doubt—Mr. Dulles's latest trip to London has been one of the most important of the lot.

Ascot's Hussar

LIKE his two predecessors, the new clerk of the course at Ascot, Major-General David Dawnay, is a cavalry man. But whereas Sir Gordon Carter started his military career as a trooper in the Life Guards and Sir John Bulteel was a Yeoman who took part in the cavalry charge at El Mughar, General Dawnay has been a regular soldier for close on thirty years.

Now in his fifty-fourth year the general has all the traditional Dawnay charm and brains, and he followed the family custom of going bald at quite an early age. An Irishman by birth, he has all the Irishman's love of horses, but although he has kept a few steeplechasers for his son in the 10th Hussars he has never, by any stretch of the expression, been a racing man.

Any lack of experience will not matter much at Ascot, however, where he will have the advice and experience of the Duke of Norfolk to support him.

Sunshine by Order

AFTER the latest bout of abominable storms I am glad to find that at least one eminent scientist is actually working to change the weather. This admirable man is John von Neumann, a portly fifty-two-year-old mathematician, who is a member of the United States Atomic Energy Commission.

He believes that it is already technically possible to produce "some rather startling effects" on the world's climate with the expenditure of no more effort than was needed to build "our railway system or other major industries."

The main unresolved problem, as Von Neumann sees it, is our inability to work out in detail the over-all effects of, say, melting large portions of the polar ice-caps. Now this Hungarian-born, poker-playing Professor is trying to find the answers.

In 1951 he designed an electronic brain called MANIAC (mathematical analyzer, numerical integrator and computer) which worked out the basic H-bomb calculations in six months. At the moment MANIAC is spending much time on meteorological matters.

and within the next few decades the whole world may be able to count on fine bank holidays.

Clerihew—London

JUST before the last war a slim Cingalese youth called Tambimuttu launched a magazine called "Poetry London."

Now Tambimuttu has reappeared in America as the editor of a new journal "Poetry London—New York."

Here, the distributor, André Deutsch, hopes for a circulation of 2,000. "Some people have sent me money for as many as four issues. Sometimes I wonder whether there'll be four

issues." The prospects seem reasonably bright, however, for Tambimuttu has found a wealthy sponsor and the first issue contains contributions by Waite de la Mare, W. H. Auden, William Empson and Stephen Spender.

In such resonant company the light touches are few and

far between, but I salute this clerihew by Yehudi Menuhin's wife, Diana:

Said Tylan to El Greco:
Dear chap, just take a deco
At that fellow's name!
It's Hieronymos Bosch
Of some sort.
Synonymus Tosch,
I wonder who's to blame?
The fellow's name!
I have a suppliant
That with Domenico Theotocopuli
I own the Monopoli . . .

Ribot v. The Rest

NOW that the great Italian horse Ribot has beaten almost everything in sight on both sides of the Channel, I hear talk of a world championship match race between Ribot and those two great American horses Swaps and Nashua.

Last August Nashua, who has won an all-time record sum of \$1,158,765 in stakes, defeated Swaps, the flame-fast son of Khaleel, in a special match race at Chicago. Since then Swaps has gone incredibly well and has just covered a mile and a furlong in 1 min. 46 4/5 sec, when carrying 9 st. 4 lb.

If only Ribot's owner, the Marchese Incisa della Rochetta, can be persuaded to let her horse run, a match between these three would certainly provoke unprecedented international excitement.

Scottish Speed

THE Laird of the Ecurie Ecosse, that accomplished Midlothian motor racing team whose Jaguar won the twenty-four-hour sports car race at Le Mans, is David Murray. In 1948 my colleague Ian Nickolls introduced David Murray, who was then just beginning his driving career, to Reg Parnell, and it was Parnell who then guided Murray's promising career.

When pig-farming began to interest Reg Parnell more than garage work David Murray set about forming a team to represent Scotland at international events and the Ecurie Ecosse was the result.

Apart from the Le Mans winners Ron Flockhart and Ninian Sanderson the drivers who have made their name with the Ecurie Ecosse include Desmond Titterton, Ian and Jimmy Stewart (no relation) and Sir James Douglas Scott, whose title so confused the organisers of one French race that he was called to the rostrum to receive his cup as Monsieur Bart.

Parting Words

"WE must go upward, and onward, and forward together . . ."—from a stockholder's speech at the B.S.A. company meeting.